

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

Smith—"Have you heard of the changes of the management on the Wise Guy mine?"

Rogers—"No; what are they?"

Smith—"The directors have elected Professor Knowitall, superintendent."

Rogers—"And pray, who is he?"

Smith—"He is a scientist. For a time he was professor of Bacteriology in the Pasteur Institute in Paris."

Rogers—"What countryman is he?"

Smith—"He is a Bulgarian."

Rogers—"He speaks English all right I suppose?"

Smith—"Not a word except a few slang words he picked up from the sailors as he was coming over in a sail ship."

Rogers—"How is he going to talk with the miners?"

Smith—"It is not necessary. The directors think it is better to have a superintendent that cannot get intimate with the men."

Rogers—"He is a great miner, I suppose."

Smith—"Not a bit of it. He does not know a pick from an anchor. He was brought up a silk-weaver. He began to study the habits of silk worms and in this way got to be a bacteriologist."

Rogers—"Does he know anything about machinery?"

Smith—"Nothing beyond a microscope."

Rogers—"The Wise Guy is a very wet mine. They have to add a couple of steam pumps at every new level; the pitch of the mine is sharp and the ground is hard to hold; what will such a superintendent do with such a property? He will depend upon his foreman I suppose."

Smith—"Not at all. He insists upon taking entire control and he proposes to put the underground workings in the hands of two or three other weavers that came over in the ship with him."

Rogers—"Are the directors crazy?"

Smith—"No, they say that they have found out that the really effective men are those who know nothing of the business they undertake to run."

Rogers—"What about the stockholders, are they satisfied?"

Smith—"Oh, no, they are furious. A hundred of them waited on the directors yesterday to protest against the appointment."

Rogers—"What did the directors say?"

Smith—"They told the stockholders to mind their own affairs, that they were directors and would run the mine their way until the next annual election, which does not come off until next March."

Rogers—"How did the directors find this chump?"

Smith—"He applied for the place through an interpreter."

Rogers—"What in the world led him to think he could direct the working of a great mine?"

Smith—"The interpreter explained that the man had applied for citizenship; that as soon as he could get his citizenship papers he wanted to be a candidate for the United States Senate, that he had understood that no one had so good a chance for that office as a mining superintendent and that if he could be elected superintendent he would spend his salary in giving entertainments."

Rogers—"Did the directors elect him on that showing?"

Smith—"Yes, after several meetings in which the matter was all talked over."

Rogers—"It is the strangest proceeding I ever heard of."

Smith—"It is a trifle out of the ordinary. There is another queer feature about it. He was elected last Friday. On Saturday, Jones, one of the directors lifted the mortgage from his house. Perkins, another director, bought a new perfecting press for his newspaper. Jensen, a third director, went to town, got blind drunk and lost \$4000 in a brace game. Von Switzer, another director, paid \$7000 for a half interest in a sausage factory and

De Pue, another, opened a wine store in Rag Bag Alley."

Rogers—"Does this man know anything about our country?"

Smith—"Nothing in the least."

Rogers—"Has he any appreciation of our free institutions?"

Smith—"Not the least. Indeed, he is a Mussulman and thinks all our people are 'dogs of infidels.'"

Rogers—"Why does he desire to be a Senator of the United States?"

Smith—"The interpreter says he has been told that it is the biggest thing he can get for the money."

Rogers—"But if he gets it what will he do in a body where he cannot speak a word of English?"

Smith—"Oh that does not worry him; he has been told that there are lots of them there who have no especial knowledge and who cannot speak intelligent English to save their lives."

Rogers—"Queer world this, Smith?"

Smith—"The queerest that a man ever saw."

SAN PEDRO AND HOT AIR RAILROAD.

Mr. Editor:

"Hope deferred, maketh the heart sick," was said long ago. Was it not three years ago that Senator Clark of Montana came here and wanted Pioneer Square for a railroad terminus? Did he not say then that he wanted it more as an evidence of good will than for its intrinsic value?

I had a lead and silver mine in Deep Creek, 200 miles west, and my friend O'Reilly had a copper mine in Washington county, 350 miles south, and did they not tell us that the road would run close to both mines? Did not the friends of Mr. Clark assure us that his income was \$1,000,000 a month; that there was no occasion to sell bonds; that Mr. Clark would take them all; that by putting all the men possible to work at both ends of the proposed road and buying the costliest materials, there could not be enough work carried on to absorb the multi-millionaire's regular income? We, my friend O'Reilly and myself, have been waiting patiently but we have not seen the road or even a beginning of it. O'Reilly is becoming discouraged and is saying he fears Bob Sloan was right when he called it "the great Hot Air," and I do not feel very well myself, but I have one comfort, the road is as near my mine as it is O'Reilly's. Can you give us any light on the matter, Mr. Editor?

Yours Anxiously,

"Miner."

We are sorry we cannot give the information desired in the foregoing. We suggest to "Miner" that he write to Mr. Whittemore, the attorney of the road, for information. He will find Mr. Whittemore most courteous, and he will get specific news touching the progress of the road or the reasons why it is not progress, or when it will probably begin to progress. The time is about up when we were promised we could enter a sleeper and, without a jolt, be landed among the orange groves of Southern California next day. From present appearances the preliminaries are not yet all fixed, but they are progressing. If we were to make a guess we should say that inasmuch as there will be a Senatorial election in the regular business of the Utah Legislature early in January, 1905, the construction of the road, from this end ought to begin about the first of May, 1904, or say long enough prior to election to permit the graders to vote the Legislative ticket that year. Our correspondent should not become discouraged. Great enterprises need much preliminary deliberation in order that no mistakes later will have to be paid for. Then the testimony is direct that work has begun on the ocean terminus, that it has been pushed out toward Mr. Clark's sugar farm and factory, some thirty miles, and that one train of most elegant cars has been purchased. That surely must be accepted as an evidence of good faith. The only really discouraging feature is the natural

problem which is suggested by the rule of three which stated in figures is as follows:

"As thirty miles is to 850 miles so is three years to the answer" and as we figure the matter out it means the road will be finished in eighty-five years, which is a good while for some of us to wait before visiting the orange groves, while no man can tell what the price of either lead, silver or copper will be then. However, it is possible that a successful electrical engine will be invented before that time that will not mind heavy grades, and then, Sam Gilson declares, that his flying machine will be in successful operation probably next spring, hence we tell our correspondent not to permit the deferring a little of hope to make his heart sick.

A TROUBLED OUTLOOK.

We read of the commencement exercises of our high schools, colleges and universities; we think of the school-house at each cross-road; we listen to the rumbling of the perfecting press and think of the millions of people that are given the news daily and become proud of our country and its wonderful advancement. But there are some rather discouraging features after all. We do not forget that John L. Sullivan drew bigger houses than Booth and Barrett combined; there is abundant proof that a few yellow journals have more patrons than a hundred newspapers conducted on high lines and without sensations. We boast of the integrity of our countrymen, but see high offices purchased every year; we see employers and employees drawing further apart; we see nearly four hundred thousand immigrants landing in New York city annually and know that two-thirds of the immigration in late years has come from countries that for centuries have been deplorable because of ignorance, and whose people have been bowed under the double slavery of king-craft and priest-craft.

In some respects, at least, the prospect is not very cheering. On the other hand science is opening the doors to new treasures daily and invention is perfecting machinery to such an extent that rich employers depend less and less upon human hands and more and more upon arms of steel. Again, the men of 1812 fought better than the men of 1776; the men who went to Mexico in 1846 fought better than the men of 1812; the men of 1861-65 on both sides left records the highest ever made by fighting races, and we keep in mind that when the call came for volunteers to fight Spain, the response was something as magnificent and solemn as ever was seen on this sphere. It was clear that the American race, no matter what might be their weaknesses, stood in the fore-front of nations as a martial race.

But the spectacle made in war, even the wonders beheld in Manila Bay, the greater wonders displayed off Santiago and the fury of the assaults on El Cancey and San Juan Hill were not so grand as is the daily splendor of the movements of the great industries of our country. The boom of mills, the rush of trains, the roar of all the industries that go to feed the world and to increase its treasures never before had a parallel, and in the meantime accumulated wealth is adding daily to the stature of its golden throne and the doors are closing against those who have untrained intellects and who depend only upon their hands for a living. What is to be the outcome of all this? It seems to us that all labor must become skilled or lost in the fearful upheaval; it seems to us that all poor men should try to obtain a few acres of land to cultivate as an anchor for home. For the children there is no hope except through training them with such gifts of brain and hands that they can climb above the competitions of mere physical workers, for money, machinery, invention and science are more and more swiftly combining and it is only through the realm of mind that the poor can hope to elevate themselves above the grinding of these mills of the gods that rule modern men and perform the world's rushing work.